injections to a team member. Apart from that they were fine. In the future all I needed to do was record the main points. He only wished that his own contributions hadn't been limited to five word statements.

He was sketching on one of those pads of cheap yellow foolscap that we used to make notes on during shift change. He was abstracted.

Adam said I was there far too much. He said at this rate I'd be burnt out in six months. At the time I thought he was being mean. Now I realize he was only thinking ahead.

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The manager said Eugenia was just going to help with the tenants' hygiene and do a little housekeeping. I had my doubts. For one thing he gave her extra training, more than I ever got and I was supposed to be above her in the hierarchy. She was my successor. She'd inherit the snake.

The manager obviously liked her. On the Wednesday after Adam's death the manager, Harriet Parsons and myself were sitting in the office. I had just come back from my disturbing shopping trip. Harriet was acting as grievance counselor. She'd attended a seminar on bereavement. It was all so terrible. Our Adam. Who would have believed it. The manager agreed. There'd been no signs.